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THE REV. BISHOP E. R. AMES.

BISHOP AMES comes of New England stock, his family having migrated to the West from Massachusetts. He was born in Ohio, and in 1831 joined the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Conference then included in its bounds a large part of the State of Indiana, where the most of the ministerial life of Bishop AMES prior to his election to the episcopacy was spent. He and his quondam colleague, Bishop SIMPSON, were for long years the controlling spirits of the Methodism of Indiana. Each supplemented the other. If SIMPSON was eloquent, AMES was sagacious; if one irresistibly swayed the masses, the other was all-powerful in counsel. It was often said of Bishop AMES in those days that if he had chosen a political career, he could have commanded any office in the gift of the State. To his honor be it recorded that he has never for a moment turned aside from the ministerial work to which he consecrated himself in early life. He has been a man of one calling, and has followed that calling with entire consistency.

His election to the episcopacy took place in 1852, his co-worker, Bishop SIMPSON, being elected at the same time. His episcopal career has been a great success. A happy mental organization enables him to perform a great amount of work with perfect ease. His routine duties as a presiding officer are often relieved by jets of humor, which help greatly to dissipate the asperities of debate. His personal appearance is suggestive of a broad nature, well rounded, and full of reserved power. In preaching his manner is composed and gentle; a mellow voice catches and holds the ear, and in his closing appeals there are always touches of tender pathos.

The recent trial of Dr. LAMARAN brought Bishop AMES very conspicuously before the country. His courageous adherence to his convictions in forming and expressing his decision has won for him the applause of all right-minded persons. What he did on that occasion was entirely characteristic, for he is a man of unflinching courage—one who will, at all hazards, stand by what he conceives to be the right. As of the Chevalier BAYARD, so it can be said of Bishop AMES, that he is "without fear and without reproach."

BISMARCK'S HOME.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Austrian journal gives a description of Prince Bismarck's estate at Varzin, and of the Chancellor's mode of living there. He writes: "The village of Varzin has nothing striking about it; but when it is passed the road turns to the right, and, after climbing a hill, we pass between the cow-sheds and the barns, and thus reach the court of the country-seat which Prince Bismarck has chosen for his favorite retreat. It is a simple dwelling-house, neither better nor worse than

those of the landed gentry of the district. No aesthetical architect has been employed to ornament it. It seems as if no one had been bold enough to attempt to rival the attractions of the park behind the house. Kew does not surpass it in beauty, nor do Torrey and St. Germain equal it in grandeur. It was this park which induced Prince Bismarck to purchase Varzin. Close behind the house the undulations of the soil begin, and the park gradually merges into the woods, and forms, with them, one broad green ocean of foliage, which seems here and there broken

by a glass-house, with Bohemian workmen, also belongs to Varzin. The Wipper flows through a part of the domain, and forms its boundaries in other places. It adds both to its beauty and its value, as the rapid stream, which is well stocked with trout, is used to float the timber of Pomerania to the Baltic. Prince Bismarck only allows trees enough to be felled to let sufficient air and light into his woods. His letters to his sister show how dearly he loves farming and hunting, the forest, and the quiet life of a country gentleman. Since the first Napoleon no one has

mark found dispatches awaiting him. He entered the sitting-room with the words, 'In half an hour we must start.' 'But where are we going, and why so soon?' 'To Berlin, and then farther: they are getting insolent again.' On the afternoon of the following day Bismarck was in Berlin. His confidential secretary packed his papers together, and arrived two days later. When he went to the ministry, at nine o'clock on the 15th July, war was declared, and Prince Bismarck had just returned with the King from Brandenburg, to which place he had hastened to meet his Majesty.

"Now there is no reason to fear that the quiet of Varzin will be disturbed by similar occurrences. The Prince and his family live a retired life, and keep all those whose curiosity brings them into the neighborhood at a distance. After breakfast the most pressing business is dispatched by the side of the pond behind the house, in the shade of the beech-trees, and then the Chancellor hastens into the forest, generally on horseback, to inspect the improvements which are being made. He is noted for his kindness to the villagers. The landed gentry of the neighborhood frequently visit the family, where they always find a hearty welcome, and the relatives and friends of the Prince, many of whom live in the province, often spend several days with him.

"The house, though it can not be called handsome, is spacious, and there is room enough in it for twenty or thirty guests. In the course of time Prince Bismarck will probably rebuild the house, and make it into a kind of castle. In the park of Varzin there is a large heronry. The herons are the first birds to come with the spring, and the last to leave with the autumn. The males fly twice every day to the sea-shore in search of food; they are the sacred birds of Varzin. The woods abound with wild swine. Herds of from twenty to thirty may frequently be seen. Other game is also plentiful, and this year I hear it is to be hunted with the Chassepot. Thus the times change.

"Hitherto Prince Bismarck has retired to Varzin for the purpose of recruiting his health by a quiet life among the fir-woods. This year the period of rest was less indispensable than formerly. The campaign in France has restored him to vigor, and made him seem fresher and stronger than before. Politics are a forbidden subject in the house, with the exception of the interesting episodes of the last war, which are often related and discussed. There is no stiffness at Varzin; that would be opposed alike to the character of the host and the fine tact of the hostess. I believe her chief wish is that the time may not be far distant when they will be able to retire altogether from the noise and bustle of the busy world to the quiet enjoyments of Varzin. And the 'Pomeranian' seems to be often called to mind, but with no objection to the change."



THE REV. BISHOP E. R. AMES.

into forest waves. Grand beeches, ancient oaks, pines, firs, and birch-trees lend variety to the view. In the midst of them lies the estate. Its soil is neither very good nor very bad; it produces average harvests of rye, and the Baltic sand, the bane of the husbandman, only shows itself here and there. Such pieces of ground have long lain fallow. It takes six hours to drive round the estate; and Chomitz, where there was former-

made so much noise in the world, and yet by nature he is inclined to a contemplative life.

"This year Varzin wears a more tranquil aspect than in 1870. Then the Chancellor had just retreated from the world, and was beginning to enjoy the sweets of repose, when the telegraph announced the affair at Ems; no one, however, thought of preparing to leave the country. On his return from a short excursion Prince Bis-

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FARMING IN THE GREAT WEST.

PEOPLE who have never visited the great West, and in whose eyes a farm of two or three hundred acres is large, have very little conception of the magnificent scale on which farming operations are carried on in the regions of the prairie country. For their enlightenment we give in this number of the *Weekly* a series of sketches, some of which will be found on pages 900 and 901, of Burr Oak, the great farm of Illinois, and probably without a rival in the world. Located in Ford and Livingston counties, it lies, in a direct line to St. Louis, a distance of 100 miles from Chicago.

Twenty years since, its owner, M. L. SULLIVANT, entered this and other lands from government at an average price of \$1 25 per acre. His determination seemed to be to keep himself "land poor," as the Western phrase is, until the disposal of surplus acres at a great and natural profit should give him the necessary funds to operate successfully a large farm.

In 1868, just previous to his location on Burr Oak, Mr. SULLIVANT visited his native place, in the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio. In response to inquiry after his welfare and prospects he said that he had run down from nearly 100,000 to 40,000, mentioning in a joking way, as one of his losses, the Broadlands farm of 20,000 acres, which he had sold to Mr. ALEXANDER for a quarter of a million dollars. (Broadlands is today valued at more than \$600,000.) In 1868 Mr. SULLIVANT commenced work on Burr Oak with 1000 acres of corn. In the following year 5000 were put in; in 1870, 9000 acres. At the present writing he has upward of 11,000 acres of corn, which promise an average of fully forty-five bushels to the acre. Besides this there are quite 5000 acres of other crops under cultivation.

These statements in figures give but a vague idea of the vast green oceans of growing grain under the bright prairie skies; but fancy a continuous crib of twelve feet in width, filled with



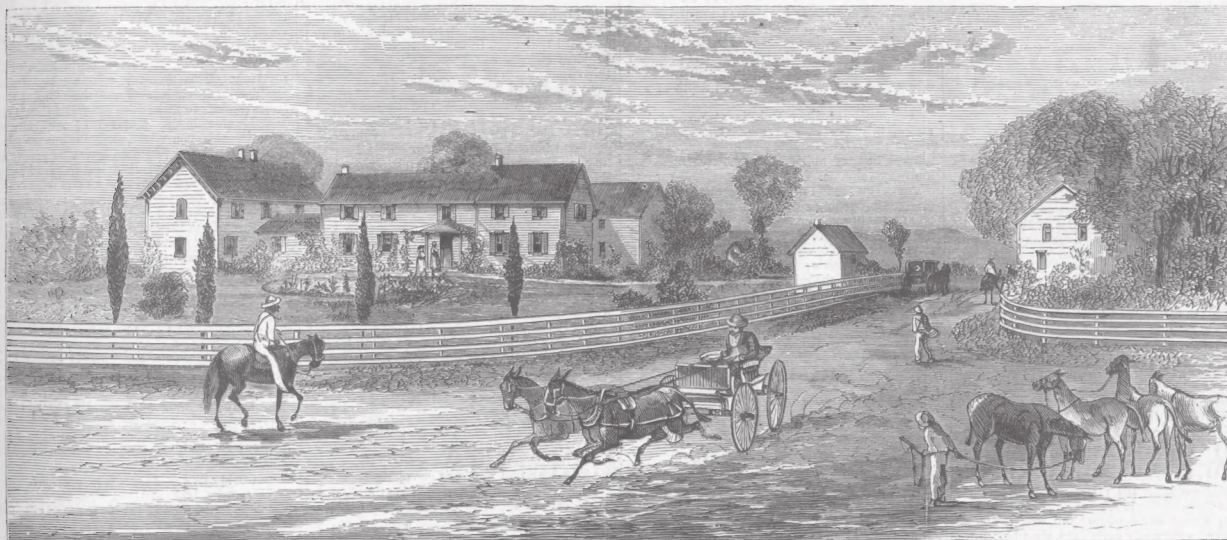
M. L. SULLIVANT, ESQ., THE GREAT FARMER.

ined by the loss of a single crop. He believes persistent labor, directed by fair judgment, will enable any man to follow out HORACE GREELEY'S advice—i. e., move West and prosper.

His farm-work is perfectly systematized. Burr Oak is a bee-hive, with no drones, and the accounts show where each day's work has been done, whether it is by man or beast. His purchases are invariably made in large quantities. For instance, fifty plows, fifty cultivators, etc. This enables him to make terms of the most favorable character. The hands, mostly Swedes and Germans, are engaged about the 1st of April, and are expected to stay until the 1st of January. Two hundred and fifty men are required at present to work the farm. These, with the exception of a few who bring their own teams and work by contract, are assigned to the different farms and gangs. Mr. SULLIVANT is the commander-in-chief, Mr. J. M. MINER his brigadier; next twelve captains, each with three lieutenants, each lieutenant having charge of a squad of men, and immediately responsible to the captain or head of the farm for their work.

Besides the organized farm gangs, there is a considerable force constantly employed in carpenter and mason work; a regular blacksmith's shop, with its four or five smiths; men constantly busy in the repair of machinery; the harness-shop, wagon-shop, painters. In the fall of the year Mr. SULLIVANT finds it necessary to detail a certain number of men as gunners to kill or drive away the innumerable flocks of wild geese and ducks which would otherwise destroy thousands of bushels of grain. In speaking of this, he says: "I tried at first to equalize the thing by planting a few hundred more acres, but my feathered boarders forced me to drain some of the lakes and ponds before I could get them to come in more reasonable force." To return to the work of the farm.

The captains report each evening to Mr. SULLIVANT, and deliver their pass-books to Mr. TAYLOR, the book-keeper and paymaster, who takes



THE HOMESTEAD—"BURR OAK."

ears of corn to the height of eight feet, nearly if not quite five miles in length, and you will then have the dimensions of Mr. SULLIVANT'S corn crop for the present year.

But this is a comparatively small part of the work done at Burr Oak during the past four years. The estate embraces exactly sixty-five square miles—over 40,000 acres. The land, which is rolling, in some places quite broken, is in the form of a square, and has been crossed and recrossed by wide avenues hedged on either side with the Osage orange. Three hundred miles of board fence built for cattle and stock, and 150 miles of ditching (the ditches are seven feet wide, and average nearly two feet in depth) have been done to drain the wet places; numerous corn cribs, farm buildings, shops for various work; and a vast amount of work of all descriptions, in which a new place abounds.

Besides this, Mr. SULLIVANT has been an earnest worker for the advancement of Illinois, in which he takes considerable pride. Numerous railroad enterprises have been advanced by means of his sturdy support, and no actual settler has been refused counsel and advice in the selection of land, and oftentimes aid of a different description has been extended. In his great knowledge of land—both as to its lay, and the quality of the earth for the growth of different crops—Mr. SULLIVANT has it in his power to render a positive and needed aid to the farmer, who may be almost ru-



EVENING IN THE "BURR OAK" GROVE.

the record and returns the books. Meanwhile the captains are gathered about Mr. SULLIVANT, answering questions and receiving his orders.

It may be well to state here that there is no field of Burr Oak with the condition of which Mr. SULLIVANT does not seem to be perfectly familiar, and generally from personal observation; and he has an able second in Mr. MINER, a bright-eyed, sun-bronzed Ohioan of not more than thirty-two years. He detects a defect in a piece of harness, in a bolt of a cultivator, or a half-done piece of work, the instant his eye falls upon it. With his light buggy and quick-stepping pair of mules he travels many miles each day, visiting such points as his chief directs—Mr. SULLIVANT, meanwhile, taking observations in an opposite quarter.

Thus it will be seen that the captains' reports at evening to Mr. SULLIVANT, in MINER'S presence, are not made to parties uninformed.

Mr. SULLIVANT has, however, selected his men with care, and the evening report seems to a stranger more a friendly chat than any thing else.

The work required from the men is ten hours per day; a noon-time of two hours gives a mid-day rest to the men and stock.

At the close of the day the hands from the different farms assemble at the dancing-floor in the fine grove of burr and oaks from which the farm is named. The fiddlers and accordion players furnish the music, and a right merry time is en-



MAP OF "BURR OAK" FARM.

joyed by men who, as Mr. SULLIVANT suggests, might find themselves in mischief with trifling exertion. The Swedish girls of Burr Oak are dancers of no mean rank, if endurance may be taken into consideration. Mr. SULLIVANT and his family are frequent and thoroughly welcome spectators of the dance. The social condition of Burr Oak is capital. Fighting, drunkenness, and other nuisances are of too seldom occurrence to mention.

There is not space here to give a complete monthly report, but a synopsis, and a few of the leading items, will serve to explain the system.

May, 1871.	Men.	Horses.	Oxen.
	4979	7060	1987
DAY'S WORK.			
Overseeing generally.....	45	90	
Errands and chores.....	51	58	
Harness-shop.....	8		
Water hauling.....	87	27	
Stables.....	191	169	
Blacksmith's shop.....	114		
Kitchens.....	23		
Implement and machinery.....	83		
Nursery.....	79	18	
Hedges.....	389	214	

This is but a fragment of the list, but it will be easily seen that with such a system Mr. SULLIVANT is able to keep himself thoroughly posted as to the condition of his farm and situation of his affairs. Mr. SULLIVANT has a pet theory that what he is doing may be done by any company of earnest working-men who may combine capital and labor for mutual advantage. He is not a man of grasping disposition, but great-hearted and broad in his views, as his great work shows on every hand. On his return from a trip away from his farm the men gather about at evening to await his arrival, and welcome him in a genuine and earnest way that tells of more than usual feeling, and shows a pleasing relation of a man and his men.

The regular farm-work of Burr Oak, which is essentially a corn farm, is the breaking of new prairie, planting, cultivating, and harvesting. Oxen are principally used in breaking, and with the breaking-plow a furrow twenty inches in width is cut. This appears to be merely a turning of the sod, for the furrow is but two and a half to three inches in depth. This work is done during spring, summer, and fall, and the land, if plowed sufficiently early (any time before the 20th of June), may be at once planted with corn, which is not cultivated or worked in any way until it is harvested. The yield will average twenty bushels to the acre, which will pay an interest on the land at Illinois Central Railroad prices, the expense of work, and a profit besides. This estimate is made after a fair investigation, and rating the breaking at \$2 75 per acre, which is full price, and the planting and seed at twenty-five cents per acre. A bushel of corn will fully plant eight acres of land. A man and team will plant twelve and a half acres, and run the furrows to a guiding stake. A heavier crop may be taken from land on which the breaking-plow is followed by a stirring-plow, and a furrow four inches deep is cut, the earth being thrown over the sod-plowing. This is summer or fall work. In the spring following this land is harrowed, planted, and cultivated in the same manner as old land. The crop abundantly repays the outlay. Old ground is plowed from the 1st of April until the 10th of June. With a steel plow and horses or mules, two and a quarter acres is a fair day's work. A man and four yoke of oxen will harrow, with gang-harrows, from twenty-five to thirty acres per diem. The cultivation is done entirely by machinery, and very completely, the number of times the crop is gone over depending on the condition of the ground—generally from three to four. Some idea of this cultivation of corn by machinery may be gathered from the mention that in one single field the writer saw no less than 123 cultivators, each worked by one man and two mules or horses. Scattered about at convenient points were boys with low trucks or wagons, on which were casks filled with water, to be used for drinking purposes by the workers. Burr Oak is a temperance farm—whisky being used only for snake bites; even then its owner is doubtful whether the whisky will not injure the man more than the snake bite. The work of cultivation finished, the crop is said to be laid up, and breaking, ditching, and other farm-work is in order until the harvest, at which time the men are told off in squads composed of two gangs of six to a gang. A boss, two wagons, and four horses are allotted to each squad. A gang takes

handsomely stock two or three agricultural implement stores: 150 steel plows, of different styles; 75 breaking-plows; 142 cultivators, of several descriptions; 45 corn-planters; 25 gang-harrows, etc. The ditching-plow, a huge affair of eighteen feet in length, with a share of eleven feet by two feet ten inches, is worked by six or eight oxen, and is used to finish from three to three and a half miles of excellent ditch each day of work. The oldest hedges (Osage orange) are but three years' growth, but now stand full seven feet high, and much of it is tight. Even here machinery is called in, and the rows are clipped by a sort of an upright mower. The nursery for young trees and plants is well stocked, and many years will not elapse before Burr Oak has other groves than the one from which it derives its name. It is proposed to presently sink artesian wells, which will generally strike the water-vein at the depth of 140 or 150 feet.

The stock of Burr Oak is at present 350 mules, fifty horses, and fifty yoke of cattle. There may be 1000 or 1200 hogs, and a magnificent herd of milch cows, mostly Durhams, and very valuable.

An entire section of land is devoted to raising produce for feeding stock and hands. There are 2500 acres of tame grass, which will cut an average of a ton and a half to the acre; besides this much wild grass is cut.

Mr. SULLIVANT's present home, an exceedingly comfortable though rambling structure, was built piecemeal, and is considered as only temporary by the owner, who is purposing to build a comfortable rather than a pretentious house on rising ground in about the geographical centre of the farm.

THE ONE CERTAINTY.

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

VANITY of vanities, the Preacher saith,
All things are vanity. The eye and ear
Can not be filled with what they see and hear.
Like early dew, or like the sudden breath
Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,
Is man, tossed to and fro by hope and fear:
So little joy hath he, so little cheer,
Fill all things end in the long dust of death.
To-day is still the same as yesterday;
To-morrow also even as of yore;
And there is nothing new under the sun:
Until the ancient race of Time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the old stem,
And morning shall be cold, and twilight gray.

B 88.

I was on duty as head-guard of the up north train when what I am about to tell you took place. It happened one wet and stormy autumn evening just about dusk. How well I remember the time! My journey for the day was over, and the train was just drawing up to the platform at Park End Station—Park End is a very busy place now, as I dare say you are aware, and it was a busy place even then—when I heard a sudden sharp cry of "Man down!" from some of the porters. The very same moment, as it seemed, my van, which was at the tail end of the train, gave a strange sort of jolt, as though the wheels had been lifted off the rails and had gone over something soft. I turned cold from head to foot, and letting go the handle of my brake, was out of my van in a couple of seconds. There the poor fellow was, sure enough, lying about a yard away from the hindmost wheels, a heap of clothes and broken bones. In attempting to get out before the train had come to a stand-still, he had slipped down between the carriages and the platform. One carriage and my heavy brake-van had gone over him. I was the first man that leaped down on to the line to lift him up. We got him on to the platform as tenderly as we could, a ring of porters, guards, and passengers formed round us. A couple of lanterns held aloft lighted up the ghastly scene. He whom I held in my arms was a man between fifty and sixty years old; his sandy hair and his sandy beard were fast turning gray. He had a sharp fox-looking face, like that of a man keen at a bargain, and well able to take care of his own interests. He was plainly dressed in black and gray, but with a certain stamp about him which showed that he was both a gentleman and a man well to do.

Poor fellow! he was very near his end. He had given utterance to no cry when he first fell, and one or two low moans were all that now told his agony. His lips moved as though he wanted to speak to me, but only a faint murmur came from them. I bent my ear close to his mouth, but even then I could not make out what he wanted to say. He groaned and shut his eyes, and I thought he was gone; but in a moment or two his eyes opened, and again he tried to speak, but in vain. Then, for about as long a time as it would take me to count twenty, his gaze met mine with an expression in it of such yearning anxiety and terrible despair as I have never seen since, and hope never to see again. Then a sudden spasm crossed his face, changing its whole expression; he flung one arm out quickly, his head fell back, and he was dead.

A stretcher was brought, on which the body was carried to the dead-house at the hospital, there to await the inquest. The dead man had no luggage with him, except a small black bag; but there were papers about him sufficient to prove his identity. His name was Muxloe, and he lived in London. He was a bachelor, and had chambers in the Temple; and his business, as far as I could make out, seemed a sort of cross between that of a lawyer and a money-lender. After the inquest, at which I was called as one of the chief witnesses, the body was claimed by the relatives, and I thought that I had seen and heard the last of Mr. Muxloe.

I went about my work as usual, but I could not get out of my memory that look of terrible despair which had flashed from the dead man's eyes into mine during that last minute of his life. It haunted me by day and it haunted me by night, when I was at work and when I was asleep. Do what I would, I could not get that ghastly face, with its strange yearning gaze, out of my mind. Poor as I was, I would have given much to know what it was that Mr. Muxloe was so despairingly anxious to tell me.

A month or more passed away, and although the poor dead gentleman was often in my thoughts, I had quite recovered my cheerfulness, when the strangest thing happened to me. I was acting as guard that week to the 9 A.M. down express. We had stopped at Claywoods, a station about thirty miles north of Park End; I had got out of my van as usual to see after the passengers; I had made every thing tight, and was just about to give the signal with my whistle, when, as I walked alongside the train, glancing into a compartment here and there, whom should I see sitting in one of the carriages, as plainly as ever I saw any thing in my life, but the dead man, Mr. Muxloe!

You might have knocked me down with a feather, as the saying is. My blood turned cold to see in his eyes that same strange look of which I have already spoken. It was a look that went through me, and chilled my heart with horror. How I contrived to give the signal for the train to start and get back into my van, I never knew; but we had got half a dozen of miles from Claywoods before I seemed to come to my proper senses. All that I could do, as soon as I was fit to think more calmly, was to doubt the evidence of my own eyes. I was an utter disbeliever in ghosts or apparitions of any kind. I would not believe that I had seen any thing out of the common way in the present case; I chose rather to think that I had been a victim to some freak of my imagination—that Mr. Muxloe had been so much in my thoughts of late, that I had come at length to believe that I saw Mr. Muxloe again in proper person.

I had quite persuaded myself that such must be the case by the time we drew up at our next station; still, it was not without a little shrinking of the nerves that I walked quickly past the carriage where I had seen the ghost, or whatever it was. There was no ghost there now—and I laughed a little spiteful laugh to myself. In fact, two old ladies had just had the door of the very compartment opened for them, and were being thrust in with their boxes and bundles. I saw the old ladies comfortably seated, and shut the door on them myself; and as I did so, I unthinkingly read off the number of the carriage in which they had taken their places—that number was B 88.

There seemed to me a familiar ring about the words B 88, and I kept repeating them over to myself after the train was fairly under way again, puzzling my memory to think where I had heard them before. At last it all flashed across my mind: B 88 was the number of the carriage from which Mr. Muxloe was in the act of alighting when he missed his footing and fell! The number had been brought up among other evidence at the inquest, and had there impressed itself on my memory. There was something odd about the affair that I didn't half like; perhaps the apparition was my death-token, and had been sent to warn me. For the remainder of that day my thoughts were far from comfortable.

Next day I was ordered away in charge of a special, and I did not go out any more that week with the 9 A.M. express. The week following it was my turn to go out with the 9.15 P.M. mail; it was a train that, as a rule, carried very few passengers. White Ash was one of the stations, and at it we stopped for three minutes to pick up and set down post-office bags. We were just on the point of starting again, and I had just taken my usual look along the length of the train to see that every thing was secure, when—as you will already have guessed—I was again startled by seeing the ghost of Mr. Muxloe sitting all alone in the middle compartment of a first-class carriage. That carriage was the hateful B 88!

The light from the roof shone down full and clear on the dead man's face: it was stony and expressionless, except for the civil light in his deep-set eyes, which gazed into mine with that same terrible yearning of which I have spoken before, as though it had some dread secret on its mind, and could obtain no rest till it had revealed

it to me. I was still looking—breathless, spell-bound—and I seemed to have been looking for minutes instead of seconds, when it slowly uplifted a lean forefinger and beckoned me to go to it. This was more than I could bear; I fainted clean away on the platform. When I came to myself, the train had been sent forward in charge of another guard, and I was lying in one of the waiting-rooms, where the station-master and his daughter had been doing their best to bring me round.

Well, my nerves were so upset that it was almost a week before I was fit to go on duty again. I had plenty of time, while sitting at home, to turn the whole affair over and over in my mind. I came to the conclusion that it was very likely I should see Mr. Muxloe again—perhaps often again. But, arguing from all I had heard and read about ghosts, they had no power given them to harm one; all they could do was to appear unexpectedly at strange times and places, and so make themselves as unpleasant as possible. The pistol of it was that, having made up my mind that I should see Mr. Muxloe again, I tried to so nerve myself as to be able to look on him without being overmuch afraid.

After I got to work again, you may be sure that I looked carefully, before starting on each journey, to see whether that confounded B 88 formed part of my train. I had got an idea that I should never see Mr. Muxloe except in connection with that particular carriage, and, as the event proved, I was right.

The first time that I found B 88 made up as part of my train was about five days after my recovery. There it was, one morning when I went on duty, staring at me as brazen as you please. I seemed to pick it out instinctively from all the other carriages. I won't say that my heart didn't flutter a little when I first marked it. I kept my eye on it, and was not a little pleased to see a gentleman and his two sons get into it about two minutes before starting. A glance at their tickets showed me that they had booked through to a point about fifty miles beyond where I gave up charge of the train. Not being able to have the carriage to himself, Mr. Muxloe did not, on that occasion, put in an appearance.

Two days later, B 88 was again included in my train. This time the middle compartment remained unoccupied. From the moment that fact was clear to me, I felt sure that I should see Mr. Muxloe before the end of my journey. Knowing this, you might, perhaps, ask me what need there was for me to go near that particular carriage at all—or, even if I had to pass it, why I could not keep my eyes turned another way. If such questions were put to me, my only answer would be, that I couldn't for the life of me keep away from the carriage. As often as the train came to a stand my feet seemed to drag me past it against my will, and then my eyes would turn and look, whether I wished them or not. Well, I did see Mr. Muxloe several times before the end of that journey. We stopped at four stations—the train was an express one—and four separate times did I see him. But if I had seen him a thousand times, I felt that I could never become familiar with him—much less regard him with any thing but a mixed feeling of the deepest awe and aversion—a feeling too intense for me to describe to you in any words. He seemed to be always on the look-out for me, and for nobody else. The moment I came in sight of him his terrible eyes would meet mine, and then my heart would shrink within me, and every nerve in my body would quiver with dread unspeakable. Always, too, he beckoned me with his long lean forefinger, but I took good care never to obey the summons.

I don't want to trouble you with too many details. It is enough to say that every time I took out B 88 as a part of my train, and every time the middle compartment was unoccupied, so sure was I to see the ghost of Mr. Muxloe. You see, it was a thing I dared not talk about, for fear the Company should say that a man who was in the habit of seeing ghosts was not fit to be guard of a train, and should send me about my business in consequence. I did, however, talk about the ghost once or twice to my wife, and got called a fool for my pains. But what else could a married man expect? Wives, as a rule, don't like other people to call their husbands fools, but they don't object to make use of that objectionable little word themselves.

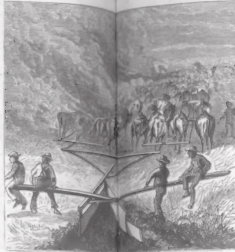
Well, Sir, time went on, and my life almost became a burden to me. I was a haunted man, and I had no means of getting rid of my tormentor. I went off my feed. I no longer enjoyed my dinners as I had been used to do. My evening pipe no longer soothed me. I began to go more into company, and to frequent the bar parlour of an evening often than was good for me. You see, I could not bear the company of my own thoughts. I never liked to sit by myself after dark. Even my sleep was broken, and disturbed with dreams of that terrible ghost.

It was soon after Mr. Muxloe first began to trouble me in this way that I made up my mind to ascertain whether he could be seen by any one besides myself. One day, when he had travelled with me all the way from Park End to the end of my journey, and we had drawn up for the collection of tickets, says I to one of the collectors, who had passed his compartment as though it were empty, and having my eye on the ghost at the time—says I, "Bill, you have forgotten to collect that old gent's ticket in the middle compartment of B 88."

"Have I?" says Bill, and with that he goes back and opens the door of B 88. "Why, you duffer, the compartment's empty," says he next moment, giving the doors a good extra bang. "Empty, is it?" says I, innocent like. "Ah! now I recollect, the old gent got out at the last station." But the dread that was upon me deepened when I found that the apparition could be seen by no one but myself.



PLANTING CORN.



A WATER WHEEL.



CULTIVATING CORN.



FARM GANG.



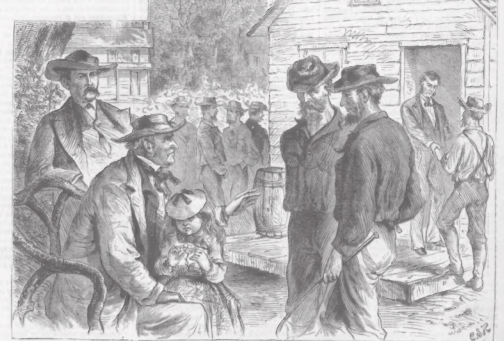
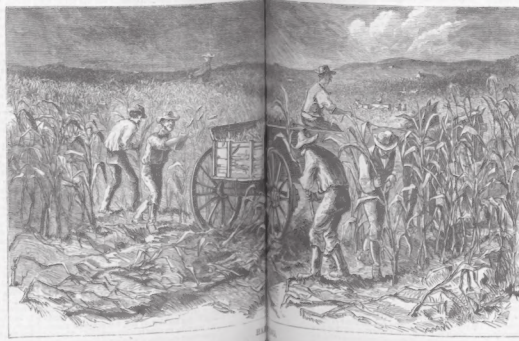
BREAKING PRAIRIE.



HEDGE GANG.



SUNDAY IN "BURR OAK" GROVE.



M. L. SULLIVAN AND HIS CAPTAINS AT EVENING.

FARMING IN THE GREAT WEST—THE "BURR OAK" FARM, ILLINOIS, COMPREHENSIVE FIVE SQUARE MILES.—FROM SKETCHES OF THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 897.]